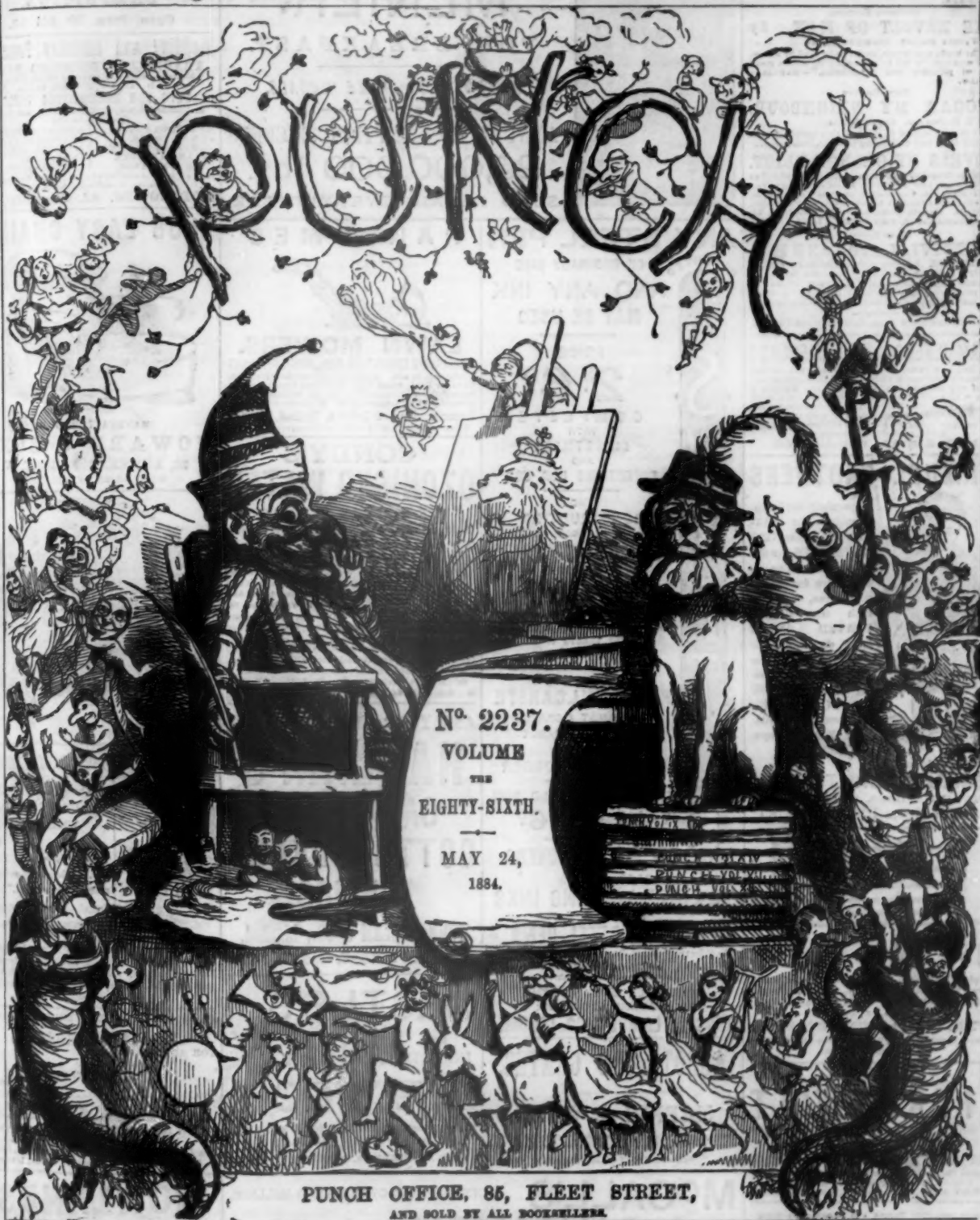


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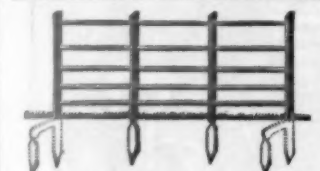
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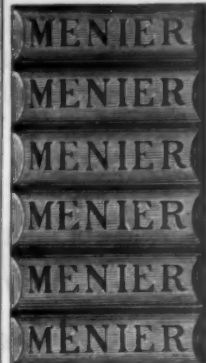
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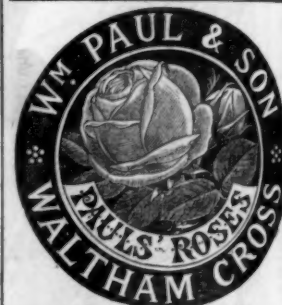
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LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

MY DEAR MR. MORTON,

You are so engaged with the Leicester Square Empire, on which the Sun never sets (which is a lucky thing for the Empire),



The Bill of the Alhambra.

The Beggar Student, which is about as well acted, as well sung, as well danced, and as brilliantly put on the Stage as anything of this sort can be.

What you, with your fine dramatic instinct, your knowledge of popular taste, and real love of fun (for 'twas you who brought out *Genevieve* with its inimitable *Gendarmes*, and its charming Offenbachian music, wasn't it? at the Philharmonic, eh?) would especially applaud and be enthusiastic about, is the acting of *The Beggar Student* at the Alhambra. The Opera has a good, easily-followed plot (a trifle like the *Lady of Lyons*—but so much the better), and clever

Miss FANNY LESLIE, invaluable for such an entertainment, is the hero, and the heroine is that pretty and sweet songster, Miss MARION HOOD. Mr. FRED LESLIE is highly diverting as *General Ollendorf*, a sort of first cousin to *General Boum* of *La Grande Duchesse*, with the same way of taking snuff that runs in the Boum family; while for dash and go you would be really pleased with Miss MARIE WILLIAMS, who gives her lines with great distinctness,—a praiseworthy quality at these big places, where the talk goes for less than it does at most other Theatres.

Fond of Opera as you are, you would, perhaps, after reading in the programme that you were to be treated to the "Celebrated Rosa Troupe" in the Second Act, be at first disappointed at not seeing *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, *Colomba*, *Faust* and *Marguerite*, conducted by Mr. CARL ROSA,—for surely this is the Rosa Troupe *par excellence*.—enter in procession, but your eyes would soon be sparkling with delight, your feet would be moving in sympathetic action with the first-rate ballet-music, composed by our friend Mons. JACOBI, and played as only Mons. JACOBI's Orchestra can play it, as you recognise the graceful, sprightly "Little Rosa," with her merry companions, ANNA, KATTIE, and a Master ABRAHAM, who, I shrewdly guess, from his name, must be of Hebraic extraction, though you would not find it out from his make-up, for he is disguised as a Lady of uncertain age, and the lot of 'em are as startling and amusing as they possibly can be, without vulgarity. Then, you would be in ecstasies about MILES PERTOLDI and PALLADINO, and, in

fact, you would have so thoroughly enjoyed yourself, that I should have had great difficulty in getting you to return to your duties at the Empire. You would be pleased to notice, too, how cleverly Mr. LESLIE indicates his capability of imitating the squeaks of mechanical dolls, and the twang of a guitar. "It needs no Frenchman," you would exclaim, "to do this sort of thing;" and particularly when it can be worked into the piece naturally, and become part of the eccentric business of the character, just as Mr. E. D. WARD's accompanying his songs on his own fingers was one of the great attractions in *Guffin's Elopement*, when Mr. TOOLE couldn't catch the Speaker's eye.

It's a "good book" this of Mr. BEATTY-KINGSTON's, and I hope he'll make as good a one on the Derby, or leave it alone.

The grand Military Ballet-music, which I suppose was written by Mons. JACOBI, is an admirable finish to an entertainment which you would especially like, because there is a clear, well-told story, illustrated with sparkling melody and continuous action, which is never once interrupted for the introduction of any element foreign to the nature of the piece, and consequently, as you would emphatically say, "it never flags—except when they wave them in the Military Ballet—and is never dull.

Doing first-rate at the Empire, eh? Got a new dancer, I hear? Of course, whatever class of visitors may come, Directors cannot complain of wanting *More-ton*.

Toujours à vous, as M. JACOBI wouldn't say, as he pretends not to understand French.

NIBBS.



Keeping 'em Pianissimo' or, Three-fingered Jack Obi.

CALLS TO THE BAR.

THE Bar Convivial is said to be quite as overcrowded a profession as the Bar Legal. But one would hardly think so after reading the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

BARMAIDS (two, young, active, about 48) WANTED immediately, for —, Edinburgh. Hours 10.30 A.M. until 11.15 P.M. Board and lodging out. Photo and references, &c.

Possibly in Scotland, where so much "whuskey" is consumed, they require barmaids of gravity and experience. But if this advertiser considers a Hebe of "about 48" to be young, we imagine he would account one of eighty to be middle-aged. It is marvellous, too, to think that women verging on half a century could officiate in a public bar for well nigh thirteen hours daily. But they are a wiry lot in Scotland, and doubtless innumerable Baristresses will apply for the appointment.

BUSKIN v. RUSKIN.

THE London Correspondent of the *Sussex Daily News* seems to have mixed matters up and puzzled himself. He is angry with Mr. WILSON BARRETT, and says—

"But why does he call his eulogist 'JOHN BUSKIN'?" This is the way the name is printed in the *Telegraph* to-day. One might say at once that the mistake was a printer's error, but for the fact that buskin is a theatrical term. Perhaps Mr. RUSKIN's enthusiasm for *Claudian* may be a little cooled by this abuse of his illustrious name."

This Gentleman evidently does not read his newspapers carefully, or he would have seen that JOHN BUSKIN's opinion was on *Pau Claudian*, and quoted from the *Mall Pall Gazette*, while JOHN RUSKIN's opinion was on *Claudian*, and appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Surely both these Gentlemen have a right to their opinions, and should even JOHN BUSKIN wish to say anything on the question, we fail to see that anybody has a right to complain.

APPROPRIATE.—Cornhill, with its network of overhead wires, is now called Birdcage Walk.



RECIPROCITY.

"VAT! YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN IN FRANCE, MEERS! ZEN 'OW ARE YOU ARRIVED AT SO VELL SPEAKING ZE FRENCH!"

"OH, WELL, MONSIEUR! AT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW, THE GIRL WHO SAT NEXT TO ME AT DINNER USED TO EAT MY FAT, AND I USED TO DO HER FRENCH EXERCISE FOR HER; SO I GOT LOTS OF PRACTICE!"

THE LAZY MINSTREL'S SPARROW.

IN the *Times* "G. F. C." told a strange historee—
But nothing to that told hereunder—
Of a Sparrow he caught, who became, when well taught,
An ornithological wonder!
But its exploits will pale, if you 'll list to my tale—
Though limits of verse are too narrow—
I'll endeavour to paint, though my colours are faint,
My very remarkable Sparrow!

He has notions on Art, which he longs to impart—
He loathes the æsthetical swindle;
You will scarcely refuse to encourage the views
He has about HUXLEY and TYNDAL.
He's a good hand at Pool, he can imitate TOOLE—
His wit is as sharp as an arrow—
He lawn-tennis loves, or a bout with "the gloves,"
My merry young versatile Sparrow!

He has thoughts, I'll be bound, that are vastly profound,
On Coinage, and Thrift, and Cremation;
You will quite understand his opinions on Land,
On Housing the Poor, and Taxation.
Upon Chancery wards, and the Commons and Lords,
The merits of Eton and Harrow—
You will never gainsay, but regard with dismay
My most intellectual Sparrow!

He is glad to partake of a juicy beef-steak—
Of 'Thirty-four Port he's a lover;
He delights in ice-cream, and his eyes brightly gleam
O'er aspic of eggs of the plover!
He will often enjoy a good drink of the "Boy,"
And toast he loves garnished with marrow:

"THE CHIEF" DIFFICULTY.

THE Lord Chief Justice having declared that he has never heard of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST, and, lastly, of a well-known London evening paper, it has been decided to attempt to complete his education. The matter will probably be taken up by the School Board. It is rumoured that, as a move in the right direction, some of the members of the Council have prepared a test. If the report proves to be true, no doubt the paper will closely resemble the following:—

EASY EXAMINATION FOR LORD COLERIDGE.

Theatrical.

1. What do you know about Mr. IRVING besides the facts that you presided at his farewell dinner, and made a rather inflated and somewhat ignorant speech thereat?
2. Was GARRICK an original member of the palatial Club of that name in Covent Garden?
3. Have you ever heard of SHAKESPEARE? If you answer in the affirmative, state in the following list which you think were his plays—*Hamlet*, *Box and Cox*, *Ingomar*, *Nita's First*, *Othello*, and *The Corsican Brothers*.
4. Were "the KEMBLE family" acrobats?
5. Give the names of any three Pantomimes in which you think CHARLES KEAN appeared as Pantaloon.
6. Have you ever heard the name of Miss MARY ANDERSON?

Literary.

1. Did Lord TENNISON ever write anything before he was raised to the Peerage?
2. Is the *Times* newspaper published more than once a week?
3. Do you know how to read and properly pronounce surnames of less than three syllables?
4. Name any Author other than Lords LYTTON, MACAULAY, HOUGHTON, and the POET LAUREATE.
5. Would you be surprised to hear that there once was a writer called COLERIDGE?
- 6 and Last. State whether your reading has extended to the *Book of Snobs*.

A NOTE FOR A BOW BELLE.—The clever Authoress of *Dandie* has struck the mark once more in *Poisoned Arrows*, a Novel as full of points as its title. It may be fairly said that Miss JANE MIDDLEMASS in her character of lady archer, is sure to find her latest shaft imbedded in the gold of public favour.

He is fond of game-pie, likes his Curaçoa dry—
This rare gastronomical Sparrow!

Ah! he knows what is what. He can dance a *gavotte*,
And warble ROSSINI or HANDEL;
He can play at piquet, smoke a mild cigarette,
And pick up the choicest of scandal!
You will not find his match in the leaves or the thatch,
Search England from Penzance to Jarrow;
You will ne'er meet a bird, I declare on my word,
To equal my wonderful Sparrow!

"HOW PLAYS ARE MADE."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette's* Young Man has interviewed Mr. W. S. GILBERT, Mr. SIMS, and Mr. PINERO on this subject, and each of these Gentlemen has given his idea of how Plays are made, or rather of how each one of them would make a Play if he had it to do.

The *P. M. G.'s* Young Man of course came to us; but as it appeared that he only wanted a receipt for Playmaking, we thought we would keep it to ourselves, just as the monks of the Grand Chartreuse keep the secret of "How Chartreuse is made" to themselves.

But as the above-mentioned Gentlemen have spoken, we have no objection to offer a few hints which may be of some service to anyone who is now engaged on, or who purposes to go to work on Play-making.

First, then, the expression is all wrong. The *P. M. G.* wants to know "how Plays are made." We will answer at once that "Plays are made by the acting, by the fashion of the day, by public opinion." Let the audience and the Press be unanimously enthusiastic about a Play, and that Play is made. How often do we hear the Actor or she the Actress "made" that Play? The Play was an indifferent one, and the acting made it. Bad acting can't "make" a good



A VETERAN!

The Elder Sister. "WERE YOU EVER IN AN ENGAGEMENT, MAJOR?"

"Son of Mars." "WELL, I—AH—"

Little Ethel ("enfant terrible"). "AH, BUT SISTER LOUIE'S BEEN 'NGAGED MORE 'N SEVEN TIMES!!"

Play; good acting can "make" a bad Play. Advertisement can make something of a Play. As, also, can historically correct costumes, *bric-à-brac*, or a dance. A Play has been sometimes made for a mere song. Everyone went to hear RONSON sing "*Villikins and his Dinah*" as *The Wandering Minstrel*. We are credibly informed that Mrs. JOHN WOOD's inimitable singing of "*My Heart is true to Poll!*" makes the *Milliner's Bill* at the Court Theatre. This latter song was, we believe, introduced without the sanction of the Author of the piece, who, at all events, did not ask the permission of the Author and Composer of the song. We presume, therefore, that the Author of the piece knew nothing about it. Had we in one of our numerous little pieces wanted to introduce a song written by Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, we should have asked their permission to do so; but if our little *caudeville* wasn't strong enough in itself, we should not have consented to have had our Play made for us by the work of somebody else.

So much for "How Plays are Made." The Public, in fact, "makes a Play," and a Dramatic Author may say:—

"That this first night
Will either make it, or undo it quite."

Mr. W. S. GILBERT, with his genius for Topsy-Turvyism, says that he always "writes the Last Act first." Quite so: and then, probably, he puts it first, and so gets it all wrong again. Mr. SIMS is able to say, that, from positive shyness, he has refused six commissions, as the result of having written one Play is absolute "prostration"! Is life worth living, Mr. SIMS? Mr. PINERO, in giving his idea of "How Plays are Made," gives us an insight into the privacy of his dramatic life, and tells us how he finds himself, either in an anguish of tears, or in fits of laughter. He does not tell us how he suffers, or enjoys himself, under the supervision of Mr. BANCROFT of the Playmarket, or how he writhes, or smiles, when "produced under the direction of Mr. HARE," at the St. James's. It was Mr. PINERO who tried to get scent of the Hay-market over the footlights of the St. James's,—he has done some funny things in his short time—and haymaking and playmaking are much the same to Mr. PINERO.

But how are Plays written?—how are they composed? is what the

P. M. G.'s young and honest inquirer really wants to know, though this is precisely what he doesn't say in so many words.

Here is *Our Own Receipt from our Play-Book*:—First catch your Play; that is, your plot. Settle its locality. This done, go there and imbue yourself with the atmosphere of the place. If at Venice, in the Thirteenth Century, go to Venice, and be a Venetian. Take your costume with you. Dress up as your own character, and walk about,—the night-time is preferable for these operations,—acting the leading situations of your own Drama. If Act the First is in Rome, go to Rome for the local colour. If Act Two is in Yorkshire, go to Yorkshire, and acquire the dialect. If Act Three is in Jericho,—go to Jericho. Messrs. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and PETTITT, who are engaged on a Drama for Drury Lane next season, which is to be all about General GORDON, have already started for Khartoum, and will be soon riding towards that place to the inspiring air of "*The Camels are Coming*." After this, they are going on to the MAHDI, and may make it worth the while of the MAHDI, or OSMAN DIGMA, or both, to return with them for a leading part,—they are accustomed to leading parts,—in the new Drama. This is how to compose a Drama. As for the dialogue, that can be written at Rehearsal. Give the Actors the situations, and let them say what naturally occurs to them. You (as Author) will note it down on the spot, and crystallise it. Then it will sparkle.

To secure an effective finish to each Act, chuck all your characters on at haphazard, arrange and rearrange their positions, as if you were turning a kaleidoscope, until you have got one tableau that strikes you. Fix it: and then try back, and lead up to the particular and telling situation on which your Curtain will descend.

We shan't give any more hints. These are quite enough for beginners, and ample, as satisfying the inquiring mind of the P. M. G.'s Young Man, who seems to exclaim, as the *naïve* and gushing Young Lady did on being introduced to the Laureate: "Dear me! I wonder how you manage to think of all these clever things!" Lord Laureate would find it difficult to give a receipt for making a poem; and, to be exact in our language, he has not made his poems, but his poems have made him. As to how our own Plays are manufactured,—that is, and will continue to be, a profound secret.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY GUY'D.



No. 20. "The Grass Widow." Quite a *coup-de-grace* this! G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.



No. 96. "Go it, you Cripple!"
Sidney H. Hall.



No. 143. Unpleasant effect on the Intelligent Foreigner of having drunk some of that nasty stuff in the glass under the impression it was the best *Chartreuse verte*. L. Alma Tadema, R.A.



No. 117. "Playing at Jumbo." Merry old Granny amusing the children by hiding among the sacks, and then coming out on all fours. N.B.—One of the very best pictures in the G. G. Regard the village in the distance. Charming! Of course it's sold, as it is a Bought'un.



No. 69. "Tit for Tat; or, Sat on." *Medieval Royal Personage* (complaining to pallid Maiden). "Oh, I say, look here; you've been sitting on my crown." (Yes; and she looks as if she had, too, poor thing!) E. Burne-Jones.



No. 192. Scene in Underground Railway Station. Last train gone. "Which way? This?" she inquired, indicating the direction with a movement of her head. "Ah, then I must walk through the tunnel." If an engine should come along, it's safe to give her a warning by becoming a (J. McNeill) Whistler.



No. 51. "The Floating Nail-brush and departing Soap-Bubble." Girl watching effect. Probably an allegory. W. Faggett.



No. 216. "A Sack Race." A. Legros.



No. 8. "Alma Tadema's Last; or, The Swell Cobbler repairing a very bad Boot." L. Alma Tadema, R.A.



No. 199. "Ratting." J. T. Nettleship.

No. 2. "Before the Arrival of the Christy Minstrels." Chairs placed for entertainment. HAYNES WILLIAMS.

No. 7. "After letting the Cat out of the Bag." Miss FLORA M. REID.

No. 18. "The Funny Bear." Children.—"Oh, we can't come in, because he won't move from the doorstep." Mrs. ALMA TADEMA.

EXTRACTS FROM "GETTING ROUND AMERICA."

By Benedick Hamlet, Esq., of the Lyceum.

EDITED BY JOSEPH HAT-OFF.

THIS remarkable book, by our most distinguished English Actor, has been anticipated with some curiosity. It will amply repay perusal. Full of deep philosophy, brilliant in logic, unapproached in diction, it will serve to increase the already world-wide fame of its Author, and the takings at the Lyceum. A few extracts will show the nature of this marvellous work. That it is one of the most remarkable books ever published, is seen from the fact that it is supplied with *Two Prefaces*! We give them both. By some error of the Printer, the two are printed at the beginning of the First Volume instead of (as was obviously intended) one for the First Volume and the other for the Second. We trust this oversight will be corrected in subsequent Editions.

Preface Number One. To the English Public.—The intense interest and excitement which our American tour caused you, was apparent from the frequent telegrams which I received from England. My impressions of a country never before visited by an European cannot, I trust, fail to increase your interest in me, especially as you know that I have always valued the enormous and wonderful intelligence, &c., &c., of England equally with the boundless hospitality and, &c., &c., of America. Could I say anything nicer? If I could, I would like a shot.

Preface Number Two. To the American Public.—My friend, Mr. J. HAT-OFF, tells me you will be flattered to hear how much I valued your unexpected kindness. I therefore say it at once. You are a marvellously intelligent people. Other travellers may have remarked this before, but—as I tell Mr. HAT-OFF—it has never before been remarked by me.

My own share in this work is small. To my friend belongs the credit, and I may add the trouble, of writing it. If anything offends you, put it down to him. Hoping that by a careful attention to business, and the art of saying nothing unpleasant, I may merit a continuance of your kind patronage, I conclude by observing that if this book doesn't sell in America, I shall indeed be surprised.

MR. B. HAMLET AT HOME.

Chapters 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Mr. HAMLET's Town-house is close to the Bank. Consequently it is got up with East-end or Oriental luxury. A monastic gloom is cast over the staircase by windows of coloured glass (which cost £50 a square inch). There sits the Celebrated Actor at his jewelled *escritoire*, while letters pour in from every part of the world, demanding his autograph, a lock of his hair, or a bit of his conversation "as supplied to Dukes, Earls, Marquises, and the Aristocracy of England."

In one corner is a collection of costly curios (including Mr. HAMLET's secret recipe for a stage-stride) piled to the ceiling; in another are dramatic treasures, such as the identical burnt cork used by EDMUND KEAN when he played *Othello*. But this is not the only residence of Mr. HAMLET: he has recently purchased a suburban residence at Goose Green. And now, perhaps, we had better really get on to America.

MY FIRST INTERVIEWER.

Chapter 10.—All the Liverpool streets were blocked with dense crowds of admirers when the *Britannic* steamed off. The local Authorities were therefore happily unable to serve Mr. HAMLET with a summons for obstructing the highway. It was pretty some days later to see the New York interviewers, anchored on buoys half way across the Atlantic, as they simultaneously made a dash for the vessel. Several, we regretted to observe, were crushed to death in their efforts to get in at the Port-holes. Still, there was a large crowd in the State Cabin, and the noise of sharpening of pencils was deafening.

Mr. HAMLET entered. With easy nonchalance he began laying about him with a large horse-whip, and then sank into a velvet lounge. "Gentlemen," he began; "I am BENEDICK HAMLET! Tell your public that I already admire America immensely. I believe it will leave in sight in three days, but I can tell that it is a magnificent land even now. So are its people. So are you! Will that satisfy you? What, more soap? Then I will fetch Miss ELLEN MERRY!" And so saying, the gifted Actor disappeared up the companion hatchway.

"He had no mannerisms!" said one Reporter.

"Oh, none whatever!" sighed a second, as he examined a large wale on his left arm.

"And he can walk straight!" said a third, "and talk like a Christian! Marvellous!"

A WORD-PICTURE.

Chapter 12. (Extracted from the "New York High-Flyer.")—This, then, was Miss ELLEN MERRY! A glorious creature! Lustrous azure eyelids combined with an aquiline nose and matchless profile to produce the effect of a concatenation of superb grace and lissom majesty. Not beautiful by ordinary canons, she yet con-

trived to give the impression of a being half Venus de Milo, half Madonna. Her golden hair circled her alabaster brow like an aureole. She was a born Actress!

MY FIRST NIGHT.

Chapter 15.—The theatre was crammed! One hundred individuals, unable to gain admittance, had committed suicide. Seats in the gutter outside the doors were selling at fifty dollars a-piece!

"Do your audiences ever applaud?" said Mr. HAMLET nervously to a Reporter. "Because if they don't"—and he produced a rapier dexterously from the calf of his leg—"I'll let 'em know what I expect!"

The success was grand! As Mr. HAMLET was sitting afterwards in his own room, with all the chief speculators in tickets pouring unnumbered dollars into his lap, he observed, "Your Public is a remarkably intelligent one. It rewards genius heavily. For instance, I should prefer that these dollars were paper. Tell your Public that Miss E. M. and I are quite satisfied with them. Quite!"

And he strolled off to deliver what was universally characterised as a "consummate after-dinner oration" at a "small and early" gathering of some thousands of admirers, at the Lotus Club, Broadway.

A CANDID CRITICISM.

Chapter 27.—"What do you think of our country, Sir?" asked the chief pork-packer of Chicago.

"Magnificent!" said Mr. HAMLET, as he rattled the last night's twenty thousand dollars in his trousers-pocket. "That tornado yesterday was grand. We don't have anything like that in England. Then your manners are so refined. I was in Wall Street the other day. What a sight! Purity and innocence reigned around. Some of the child-like operators were playing at a game which I am told is very like 'Puss in the Corner' in the old country, only you call it 'A Corner in Pork,' I think. You are a superbly and uniquely great people, Sir, a—"

"Wal, that's pretty satisfactory. You've got a tarnation rainy day to-day, Sirree!"

"Rainy!" said Mr. HAMLET. "Is it indeed? I didn't notice it. Even your rain here is superb—it never wets one,—it's far better than our English fine weather. No, I don't mind anything I say being printed—in fact I may add that I intend it."

NIAGARA.—AN APPRECIATIVE MILLIONAIRE.

Chapters 32 and 33.—We were off to see Niagara. At the railway bookstall Miss E. MERRY noticed a lovely volume, price 500 dollars.

"Oh," said she, "it's too much. Take the nasty book away. I can't afford it." Curiously enough, half-an-hour afterwards she found the very book she coveted placed on her table in the saloon carriage!

Who can describe Niagara? We were standing looking at the scene from the American side.

"This is magnificent!" said Mr. HAMLET. "It is, indeed, as I believe others have remarked before, grand. What a roar! Here is the sublimity of Nature. For the sublimity of Art you must visit the Lyceum—or, at present, the Boston Theatre. This cataract is another crowning proof of the grand intelligence of the American people!"

LAST WORDS.

Chapter 156.—"Yes, I'm coming back"—shouted Mr. HAMLET, with his head protruding from the funnel of the homeward-bound steamer at New York, and speaking through a trumpet to the millions assembled at the wharf,—"Catch me forgetting you! I carry back with me the pleasantest recollections of my trip, and I shall bank a good many of them when I get back to London. Bless you all! Read my book—it will be candid and impartial, but you won't mind that! My impressions of America have been delightful—but may I say that one of the nicest of them is the impression indelibly stamped on your magnificent coinage? Adieu and au revoir!"

"Cease, Rude Boreas!"

THE House of Commons evidently thought the Channel Tunnel too much of a bore, so they have taken the proper course with all great bores, and have shut it up. Before the workings are entirely filled in, let us hope Sir EDWARD WATKIN will once more descend, with a bottle of champagne, and drink the health of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

NOT A CASE OF LIGHT PROFITS.—"A LOSER," writing to a contemporary last week, complains that the cause of three fires, occurring within a comparatively short period in the same establishment—an establishment popularly supposed to be capable of providing everything at the shortest notice—had not been promptly discovered. Nowadays, when in nearly every quarter of Town we find houses of business (seemingly Metropolitan adaptations of the little Village All-Sorts Shops) very similar to the one sustaining the disasters referred to, a periodical issue of the Works of Burns should cause no surprise.



AN INDIGNANT DISCLAIMER.

Mamma. "Now, BILLY, YOU MUSTN'T BE SHY, YOU KNOW!"

Billy. "I'SE NOT SHY—I'SE RUDE!"

GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

No V.

Vanity.—It is most true that Vanity is the cause of most of our follies. Vanity is the love of admiration, however it may be expressed. When you have sung, do not wait for applause, but at once proceed with another song, and so on until your stock is exhausted. The same rule will apply to recitations, *poses plastiques*, conjuring, imitations of birds, and any other accomplishments with which you may from time to time entertain your friends and acquaintances, according to the advice previously given.

Parmi les Femmes du Monde.—Vanity leads men to wish to appear successful among women. Do not make so great an error. Don't "wish;" be successful. Then you have a right to appear what you are; it being of the essence of snobbishness to appear what you are not. You know your own powers of fascination? Yes. Then fascinate. And having "mashed" them all round, or as many of them as it will serve you to "mash" for one evening, strut about the drawing-room with your thumbs in the armbolts of your waistcoat, or both underneath your coat, flaunting its tails defiantly in the air, as much as to say, "Ha! ha! I am cock of the walk here! *Regardez mon air vainqueur!*" This is legitimate triumph: you, so to speak, annex so many of the fair sex, and assume over them a protectorate which insures them against annoyance or insult. When you enter a room, silently but quietly select your victims, taking them in order. Sit by their side, address them individually as "my darling" or "my angel," adding, "I love you to distraction!" And then hiss in her ear, "You are mine! mine!! mine for ever!!!" And so on with every one of them. Do not boast of your success afterwards, but you may walk about the room as above described, to the admiration of all beholders.

Of Titled Friends.—If you happen to know (as, of course, you will happen to know) several Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts, Duchesses, and other grades of the aristocracy, neglect no opportunity of lugging their names and full titles, if possible, into the conversation.

Mind, it is only the Snob or the Democratic Communist Radical who can possibly object to hearing you speak of these distinguished persons; while the truly-loyal, the well-bred, and better-informed will be delighted, no matter how frequently you may allude to your distinguished aristocratic circle of friends.

Let your anecdotes invariably commence with "I was talking with SALISBURY—I mean, with the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., the other day, and I was pointing out to him how wrong he was, &c., &c., and old SARUM, I mean Lord SALISBURY, at once replied, 'JOHNIE, old man, you're always right, but you know that, &c., &c.'"

Or when with relatives, at a family or friendly gathering, down Hoxton or Camberwell way, you will delight them,—for they will shine with the reflected light that comes through you,—by saying, "I was stopping a few days with the Duke of BLUCOTE at his place down at Castletoff in 'Toffshire, when the dear Duchess came up to me and asked me if I'd seen JIMMY—that's the second boy, Lord JAMES FITZITON—and I couldn't help telling her," &c.

Or, if you want to introduce a little variety, so as not to seem proud, by mentioning a commoner, take care that the name be associated with some distinctive place which gives a kind of hereditary aristocratic title, as for example, "I was dining the other night with NED WALLOP—not the Indian WALLOPS of Bawbee, but one of the WALLOPS of Moke, you know—and he told me," &c., &c.

Or, if you have once been invited to some public gathering which was graced by the presence of Royalty, when on your card of invitation was put "To have the honour of meeting H.R.H.," &c., &c., you can say casually to your friends and relatives, "Ah! *d propos* of that affair" (whatever they may be talking about, it doesn't in the least matter), "there's something more than meets the eye—I could tell you, only I am not at liberty to do so,—something,—but it mustn't go beyond this table. Well—the other evening I was talking to—at least it is better to say I was in company with the Pr—I should say a certain Illustrious Personage,—when he happened to ask my opinion, which I gave him and found it was exactly contrary to his. Of course I couldn't retract." This has a smack of true Republican sentiment about it which will raise you



“MRS. MICAWBER.”

Mrs. M. (*hysterically*). “I NEVER WILL DO IT! IT’S OF NO USE ASKING ME! I NEVER WILL DESERT MR. MICAWBER!!”—*David Copperfield.*

in the estimation of your hearers. "But—and this is what I always like in the Pr—I mean, the Illustrious Personage,—so much,—he simply took my hand and said, 'On my word, I never saw it in that light before. I'm very much obliged to you. I'll mention it to the Qu—,'—well, if I say it was telegraphed to Osborne in less than half-an-hour, you'll understand me."

Well stocked with personal anecdotes of this sort, you will never want for a dinner, and will be in the greatest request among those whose lives you will brighten with such simple stories as those of which fair and sufficient examples have just been given.

Information.—Be ready with an answer to every inquiry. Take it for granted that no one in the company is better informed than yourself, and though you may not happen to be invariably right, yet you will do well to assume, hypothetically, that you always are, so that if anyone has the boldness to interrupt you, and assert that you are wrong, the *onus probandi* will rest with him, when, if he cannot prove his assertion, he will only have earned for himself the reputation of a meddling fellow who ventures to talk on subjects of which he is ignorant, while you will have gained the respectful sympathy and the esteem of the entire company. Whether it is a question of dates, or facts, or private conversation unknown to the world generally, you must be invariably ready to set them all right.

There are certain things which everyone ought to know: and you should be able to answer at once if applied to,—as, for instance, some Lady interested in Art asks "Who was ANGELICA KAUFFMANN?" "When did FRA ANGELICO live?" "Who was the celebrated Duchess of GAINSBOROUGH?" "Who was GAINSBOROUGH?" "What was the Venus of Medici?" "Who was Medici?" "What was the Venus of Milo?" "Who was Milo?" "When did PRAXITELES live?" was he a pupil of APOLLO?" As to ordinary subjects, you must be able to explain what was "the Gordian Knot," who were "Amphitryon," "Nestor," "The Stagyrite," and so forth. In answering any inquiries as to these celebrities, remember that anybody might be able to give a more prosaically correct account of each one, but that the necessity of replying is the mother of invention; and invention belongs to Genius. You will prefer to shine as a Genius. And mind—never hesitate, and never entirely retract.

Then, at the present moment, you must be able, with bread, or oranges, or knives and forks, to describe exactly the position of Baeninh, explain why the French are fighting in Tonquin, point out the situation of the Soudan, Cairo, Khartoum, Berber, the Nile, Constantinople, and the Pyramids. Be ready to explain what is the distinction between Asia Minor and Asia Major. Come out boldly with your information; don't hesitate, or pause; say precisely what the Government ought to do, how many men have been sent, how many ought to be sent, and then clearly expose the policy of Russia in Afghanistan, and state succinctly and lucidly the action of Local Boards, Vestries, and the Board of Works at the present moment. Depend upon it, that if you only answer the questions put to you straightforwardly without hesitation, you will be considered as a wonderfully clearheaded man, probably in the confidence of Government, and you may safely bet that in any ordinary society there will not be anyone better informed on the subjects above mentioned than yourself, or if there should be such a one present, he will begin to doubt his own accuracy, and after one sharp rebuff, which you will administer to him straight, he will not dare to pit his knowledge against your assertion. Should he do so, and insist on his being right and you wrong, stick to what you have said, nail your colours to the mast, unless you discover, by an *adroit* question as to his sources of information, what position he holds, as, should he be the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the Lord Chief Justice, Colonel BURNABY, or Lord WOLSELEY, you will only have to withdraw one or two of your statements, under cover of an attack on something or somebody else, and yield, with graceful deference,—but still with skilfully-implied doubt of his facts,—to one who in his superior official capacity ought to know—but who, as you may convey to your audience by a side wink, or well-judged nod, evidently does not. In a word, when you meet a notable antagonist on any ground with which you have professed yourself entirely familiar,—merely, out of kindness to your company, and *caused conversations*,—act upon the Government motto, "Rescue and Retire."

Authorities, Explanations, Instruction in Conversation.—There is an admirable little book called *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*. Keep this on your dressing-table: tear out the leaves carefully, and carry them about with you: study them on every opportunity during the day. (Note.—Somebody might profitably bring out *The Old Boy's Guide to Knowledge*; or, the *Middle-aged Man's Reminder*. Most useful.) Learn at least one question and answer *per diem*: this, with the good story and repartee, will occupy you sufficiently, and within six weeks you will pass for one of the most learned and the wittiest men of your time. I will guarantee it.

Assume safely that the majority are ignorant. Try them everywhere at haphazard. You have a dish of almonds and raisins before you. Ask anyone what is an almond, where do they come from, and for any information about bitter almonds. If they go in for high Art and crockery, ask them how china is made? what is biscuit china, what is porcelain, and what is delf? If you can tell them at once all about raisins and give dates, explain the process of painting, of engraving, and the manufacture of cotton, you will be considered an exceptionally well-informed person.

Note.—What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and what everybody knows, Nobody knows.

THE Health Exhibition is already a great attraction. This makes the Road very crowded, and, in consequence, there are several unattractive Exhibitions of Temper.

INTERNATIONAL "GOOD HEALTH" EXHIBITION

Made of Himself by Our Special Commissioner.



"Good Health!"



"Your Health, Stranger!"



"Santé, M'sieur!"



"Prosit, mein Herr!"



"Sanità, Signore!"



"Sanidad, Señor!"



"—, —, —!"



"Goo'-bye!"

* Our S. C. speaks Russian fluently under ordinary circumstances, but at the moment found a difficulty in expressing his sentiments in that language.

"SIR HENRY IRVING"—this was the startling heading to a paragraph in the *Times* last week, which went on thus:—"Among the passengers, &c., &c., was Sir HENRY IRVING, Governor of British Guiana." Capital sell! We certainly thought Our Only Tragedian had been knighted on his return from the Great Republic.

HIP! HIP! R.A.!—The next thing that Sir ROBERT PEEL proposes will doubtless be a Commission to inquire into the conduct of the Royal Academy of Arts, and what becomes of the stream of silver shillings that flows into their coffers every day from morn to night.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 24, 1884.



FANCY DRESS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY; OR, MEN OF MARK IN COSTUMES FROM THEIR OWN DESIGNS.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No 13: THE LOBBY No 4: FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 12.—"No spectacle in the world equal to House of Commons on a big night," says Captain GOSSET, looking round at Five o'Clock. "I've seen a few of 'em, but not many to beat this."

Not a vacant place anywhere—even the Gangway used as seats. Side-galleries crowded. Speaker's Gallery and Strangers' Gallery filled with throng beaming with satisfaction at recollection of crowd outside that couldn't get in. For once Distinguished Strangers' Gallery—usually occupied by friends and relations of HARRINGTON, REDMOND, and T. P. O'CONNOR—put to proper use.

"A splendid House," I said to Sir MICHAEL BEACH.

"Yes," said he; "very gratifying, very gratifying indeed. RANDOLPH says I'm prosy; remarks made in other quarters about lugubrious manner and sing-song intonation. These prejudices I know generally lead to House clearing out when I rise; but acknowledgment at last made, and very handsomely, too. Good thing for GLADSTONE that he follows me. I expect many will remain to hear him." Sir MICHAEL, rising at Half-past Five, plodded on for hour and twenty minutes. At Six o'Clock, Sir GEORGE BALFOUR and Mr. Alderman LAWRENCE discovered sleeping side by side behind the Treasury Bench, right in face of impassioned orator.

"Just like Babes in the Wood," says CAINE. "Let's cover 'em with leaves. Plenty of Blue-Books about, will tear up easily."

Presently, LAWRENCE woke with a start. Been dreaming he was at first banquet of new Corporation. Baron of beef served up. Thought there was something familiar in aspect. New LORD MAYOR jocularly announced it was "the Last of the Aldermen." Shout of execration at barbarity woke Alderman—to discover Conservatives vociferously cheering as HICKS-BEACH, pointing across table to GLADSTONE, quoted GORDON's words about "leaving to you the indelible disgrace" of abandoning the garrisons.

GLADSTONE unmistakably riled. Generally when at white heat of passion delivers his best speech; witness Thursday night before Easter Recess, when he demolished STAFFORD NORTHGOTE, the Opposition, and their Motion for the Adjournment. To-night his speech disappointing. Did not seem to get grip of subject. Certainly, had not his usual hold on audience. FORSTER and GOSCHEN whispering together during speech. Fancy FORSTER means mischief. Has a candid look about his face, and an extra wrinkle in the back of his coat, that invariably presage an attack on a Ministry that has presumed for two years to get on without him.

Business done.—Vote of Censure Number Two moved.

Tuesday.—Wasn't wrong about the wrinkle in FORSTER's coat noted yesterday. Came down in good time this afternoon, but waited till Four o'Clock to speak. That being the most prized opportunity of the day, FORSTER calmly collared it, just as he shoulders Dr. LYONS out of his corner seat. Government case looking little worse than usual. FORSTER more venomous. Attacked GLADSTONE personally; more than hinted that he said and affected to believe anything that suited his purpose; sneered at consciences of Gentlemen below Gangway. Honest HARTINGTON couldn't stand this. Went for candid friend, hit out straight from shoulder, whilst Liberals uproariously cheered and Conservatives sat ominously silent.

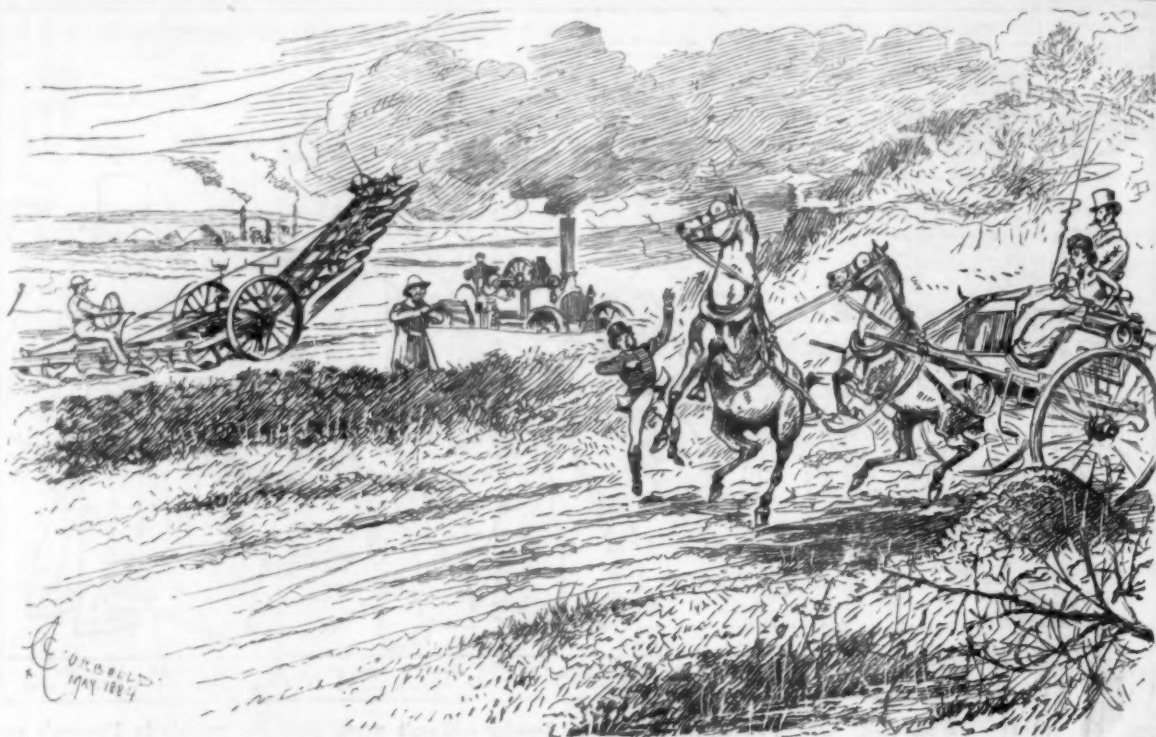
"Hang it!" said NEWDEGATE, a fine old-fashioned English gentleman, "FORSTER useful to our fellows. Put case in stronger way than most of them, and should be encouraged. But don't like to see a fellow bite at hand of old friend and Leader, because old friend and Leader manages to carry on Government without him."

GOSCHEN made it worse still for FORSTER, speaking an hour or two later with equal force against Government policy, but no small backbiting at old colleagues. Contrast a little hard on FORSTER.

Newcastle-on-Tyne contributed two best speeches in Debate. JOSEPH (not JOEY B., but J. C.), rolled out, with his deep Northumbrian burr, a string of perfectly-constructed sentences in antique style of Cloth-of-Gold oratory. Regarded as a sustained effort of high eloquence, this rarely been equalled. Quite in accordance with dramatic turn of Debate to have JOHN MORLEY following him. Moved by excitement of moment, crowded House, the great issue dependent, and strong antagonism to colleague's views, JOHN at last succeeded in throwing off feeling of restraint. Delivered dashing speech, full of epigram, point, and argument. Having once broken the ice, JOHN MORLEY will fall into Parliamentary manner, and be a leader in Debate.

Wednesday Morning.—Division taken at Two o'Clock. Irish Members prepared little surprise. Gave out were going to vote for Government. Conservatives in despair. Had hoped otherwise. With Parnellite Vote might even defeat Government, or reduce Majority to dangerous point. When House cleared for Division, Irish Members remained seated, compact and highly respectable body, some thirty strong. Other Members lingered in Doorway to see what would happen. At last moment, PARNELL rose, all the boys with him. Stepped down Gangway, and turned sharply off to the right, heading for Opposition Lobby.

"A twopenny dramatic effect we could have very well done without," growled ROWLAND WISE. "Glad of their vote, of course. But why couldn't they have given it in ordinary way, without conspirator meetings at midnight, deliberately spreading lying reports of their intention, and then this hanging about till last moment."



DELIGHTS OF THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY. No. 2.

THE PLOUGHING-MACHINE.

Smells like a trick, as Sir PEEL would say, and won't do us any good."

"Capital!" I said to PARNELL, as we walked across Palace Yard together. "Exquisite Irish humour! So really funny!"

"Think so?" said PARNELL. "Can't claim authorship, and perhaps therefore don't see it."

"A little dangerous, wasn't it? Might have upset the Government, and then what would become of the Reform Bill you are so anxious for, you know?"

"Now that is a joke," said PARNELL. "That's real humour. Always heard you were a funny dog. Yes, I'm most anxious for Franchise Bill to pass. Haven't I said so? You see, haven't got enough to deal with now, with the thirty boys. Want a score or so more representing the Agricultural Labourer. Make it so pleasant to have them squabbling with Farmers' representatives, leading to revolts, cabals, and finally upsetting of my authority. Oh! yes, most anxious for passing of Reform Bill. That's why we played this trick on the Government to-night." *Business done.*—Second Vote of Censure rejected by 303 votes against 275.

"That fetches 'em down a peg, doesn't it, TOBY?" said RANDOLPH. "Several. Heard a good deal of the Kilmainham Compact. Could you tell me anything of the Treaty on the Terrace?"

"I could, but I won't," he said, looking, for so amiable a nobleman, really angry.

Thursday.—RANDOLPH away to-night. Room for TOOTS MAC-IVER, Esq., M.P. Toots has recently confined his letters to himself to matters relating to finance, more especially in respect of foreign duties. Sees clearly CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S hopelessly wrong and determined to put him straight. Toots was not at Dr. BLIMBER'S for nothing. No use telling him that two and two don't make five, nor in disputing the truth of the axiom "Seven from nine you cannot, so carry one." Began at Question Time with our commercial negotiations with Spain, also in perilous condition; passed over to Egypt; inquired into affairs in the Soudan; gave notice to move rejection of Merchant Shipping Bill; had an Amendment to himself on question of duties on foreign importation; and, popping up quite unexpectedly when House finally got into Committee, made over again speech delivered three hours earlier.

"Terrible fellow is Toots when once he starts. And yet no one to look at him would imagine his head carried so much information."

I said to CHILDEES, who was beginning to fret under the perpetual incursion of the irrepressible Member for Birkenhead.

"Yes, there's a good deal there," CHILDEES agreed. "But don't you think it gets a little mixed and seems a trifle incomprehensible when turned out?"

Naturally with TOOTS in possession House empty. Nothing particular going on. GLADSTONE might have had quiet evening at home. Did in truth go out to dinner, but could not resist temptation to come back and make speech on Budget affairs. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE also dropped in in same casual way, and between them they had a good time for a hour or so, during which business was further delayed. Mr. TOOTS proposed to arbitrate on differences, but House really couldn't stand any more of him, and howled so angrily that he abruptly sat down.

"Tell you, what Toby," says he. "I'm not the person to be bullied. If they go on in this way I shall bring down my old friend, the GAME CHICKEN. With him waiting outside in the Lobby they'll think twice before they howl at me."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Friday.—A sad dull day, lighted up only at close by appearance of Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES bringing in Bill to amend Acts of Parliament relating to Oysters, Crabs, Lobsters, Cockles, and Periwinkles. At Morning Sitting, Franchise Bill, but no progress. In the evening the Irish Members brought up case of some distinguished patriots whose arrangements for shooting a few of their neighbours were interfered with by arrest. Case tried over again before jury of twelve Members of the House of Commons, most of them asleep.

Business done.—None.

FIGURES OF FUN.

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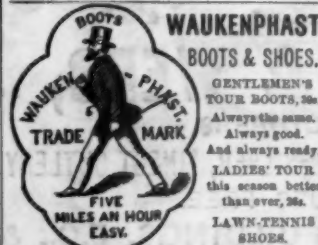
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